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The Washington Times

CAMOUFLAGED

Will Be Written Entirely By Washingtonians—YOU Can Write the Last Chapter

SECTION TWO.

WASHINGTON, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1919.

SECTION TWO.

Tomorrow's Chapter Will Be Written By Ben. S. Allen, Educational Director of the Food Administration

'CAMOUFLAGED'

The Times' Great \$250 Reward Serial. You Can Win the Prize If You Write the Best Final Chapter

This is the speediest serial ever written, because while you are reading today's chapter, tomorrow's is being written. That makes the author hustle.

This story has one peculiarity. The characters disappear, but they never die. Every character that was in the first chapter will be in the last, as no author will be allowed to kill one or add one.

What Has Happened Up to Date

Major Knowles receives a letter from a Denver bank advising him to begin search for Madeline Lucille Connor, who had left Colorado for Washington, carrying the details of a secret process for the transmutation of base metals into gold. Knowles is told by a Chinese agent, who is later revealed to be Captain Henderson, who had just been robbed of a letter received from Mrs. Connor. Fuller and Snyder plan to get the chart from Madeline, the confidante of the Colorado girl, while Kimball has been kidnapped and Madeline Lucille Connor, who has been trapped in the office of Fuller, makes sensational escape out of eleventh-story window, reaches adjoining office, falls into meshes of conspirators' snare, is taken to house of Wu Tsang, who looks her in mysterious cabaret. She makes escape via secret chute, discovers Kimball, both rescued by Knowles and Henderson. Fuller traps Kimball in auto smash; takes him to Wu's temple. Knowles displays chart to conspirators in cellar after finding Madeline and Kimball. Fuller throws lighted match into mysterious escape. Madeline taken to cottage on an island in the Potomac, discovered by Kimball, taken back in hydroplane, pursued and pursued almost meet in Raleigh. Wu and partners make wild dash in auto, followed by Madeline and her friends; both machines plunge over cliff. Madeline and Mrs. Thayer taken to Ft. Myer, Fuller and Snyder leap overboard from rescuing aircraft and return to Raleigh. Triangle out from chart at Ft. Myer, Mrs. Thayer released. Madeline into deserted house where he exhibits missing triangle. It butters into furnace, out the smokestack and lands on intake at the Capitol, where it is found by Kimball. Thayer arrested, triangle recovered by Kimball. Chinaman sent to Occoquan. Madeline visits Capitol, saved by Oriental and thrown into vault. She lapses into apnea, found and taken to hospital, later falls into clutches of conspirators, speeding machine halted, Madeline taken to Raleigh, where she regains consciousness. Again deceived by forged note to Wu's yacht, escapes by leaving overboard, picked up by Kimball in hydro-



RUDOLPH L. JOSE.

Member of the firm of Cook & Stoddard and writer of today's chapter of "Camouflaged."

Chapter Twenty-One By Rudolph L. Jose

Upon closer inspection, the pocket flashlight showed under the dirt and grime something familiar about the colored man's features. When he spoke it was apparent that the mysterious individual was in fact none other than Wu Tsang, who extended his hand to Henderson in friendly greeting and explained his being there.

"Captain, you saved my life when death seemed certain. I promised you then that I would ever be at your service and am here to offer assistance."

"How did you know that we were here?" asked Henderson.

"I had been dining at the Pekin restaurant with friends and walked with one of them as far as the Harrington, where he was stopping. While bidding my friend good night, I noticed a motor car standing at

the curb. With difficulty two officers, one wearing the uniform of the navy and the other that of the army, were assisted into the car by apparent friends. That men wearing the uniform should be leaving the hotel by the tradesmen's entrance struck me as unusual. I stepped forward to investigate, but before reaching the car the door was slammed and the machine moved away. I heard part of the conversation.

"—drop them — sewer Delaware avenue." My suspicions now thoroughly aroused I hastened to the corner of Eleventh and Pennsylvania avenue, hailed a passing taxi and instructed the driver to keep the green limousine in front of us in sight. We followed it down Pennsylvania avenue to Third street, where it turned to the right and continued on down through Bloodfield. Unfortunately we lost sight of it before it reached Delaware avenue. I searched the neighborhood, but found no trace of the limousine. Leaving the taxi with instructions to wait, I continued the search on foot. After locating a manhole which had been recently removed and then replaced, I decided to descend into the sewer and make a search. I procured a rope from the Merchants' Transfer and Storage Company yards, lowered myself into the sewer and here I am."

"Well, Wu, I guess we will have to hand it to you. Oriental ingenuity and cunning have won the day. We are fortunate in having you as our ally."

"Captain Henderson, my debt of gratitude is to you only, not to you and Major Knowles. He has done nothing for me except try and block my plans at every opportunity. Why should I offer him assistance; rather should not I dispose of him. It would remove an obstacle from my path," said Wu.

"We will not discuss this," said Henderson. "It can be taken up later under more pleasant surroundings. Now, let's devise methods of finding our way out of this filth and grime."

Wu Tsang, observing that the two men were very much fatigued after their long and strenuous night's experience, brought from the innermost folds of his costly garments, now ruined with the filth of the sewers, a vial containing small phosphorescent pellets. Offering them to Captain Henderson and noting an apparent hesitancy on the captain's part to accept, he at once allayed all sus-

picion as to their poisonous character by pouring some of them into the palm of his hand and, selecting several at random, proceeded to swallow them, whereupon Captain Henderson took the little vial, passed it to Major Knowles, who helped himself and returned it to Henderson, who, in turn, emptied the remainder of the pellets into his hand and then swallowed them. Almost instantly both men were revived and materially benefited. Seeing this, Wu Tsang began to make plans for their deliverance.

Drawing from his tunic a small and queerly shaped pin he carefully moistened the end and throwing back the sleeve on his right arm holding the pin in the long finely manicured fingers of his right hand and with a dextrous stroke made a

long scratch on his left arm. The scratch extending almost from the elbow to the end of his second finger. After a moment or so he asked Henderson to flash the light on his arm. It was noticeable that there was an irregular mark on the arm which criss-crossed the scratch made by the pin.

Wu Tsang explained that this pin possessed peculiar properties and the irregular red line which crossed and recrossed the course of the pin scratch indicated to him that their return passage through the sewers would be guided by the alternate wavering of the lines from right to left and that they would in all probability be able to locate the manhole from which he had descended into the dark and grimy depths.

After facing in the same direction from which he had come the line in-

icated a distinct right-hand turn at the start, which was the exact course of the sewer at that point. After stumbling along in the dark for many minutes which seemed as hours and passing many cross sewers, but at each one being guided by the right, left, or straight ahead indication of the line on Wu's arm, they were finally led to the point where the rope was dangling from the opening above. The little band of three finally reached the street by climbing hand over hand up the rope to daylight and welcome fresh air. Wu being the last to ascend.

Daylight, again was welcome to all. The waiting cab speeded them back to the hotel in a few minutes where Wu Tsang bid farewell. He did not, however, get away before Captain Henderson and Major Knowles had the opportunity to profusely thank him for all he had done. The Oriental with a shrug of his shoulders made light of his assistance and departed.

When Lieutenant Kimball left the hotel in company with Mrs. Thayer they took a machine and drove to Bolling Field. The American Ace had been telling her of his experiences and exploits against the boche and it was upon her urging that they were now on their way to the

aviation field, where he had planned to secure a plane and take his fair guest for a ride in the clouds. A bi-plane was found available upon their arrival.

He quickly donned his aviator's togs and procured the necessary apparel for Mrs. Thayer. He assisted her to the observer's seat in the plane, fastened the safety strap and climbed aboard himself. The mechanics turned the motor over several times, he cut on the switch and the motor roared. Speeding it up for a minute or so to warm it up, when it seemed to be hitting regularly on all cylinders he gave the word to let go. They were off. Slowly they rose at first into the air, then suddenly he turned the machine almost straight up and they began to climb up and over Washington.

After reaching an altitude of approximately 5,000 feet, and making several turns around the city, Kimball proceeded to show his guest some of his favorite stunts. He side slipped, climbed again, tail spun and looped the loop, and again climbed to a high altitude, when he happened to notice that his plane was directly over the Zoo park, and also that the many visitors were watching him. He decided to make a nose dive, always spectacular. He dove downward at a terrific rate of speed and

when within 2,000 feet of the ground, he attempted to flatten out. As he did so a figure was seen to plunge from the plane.

Evidently the safety strap had failed. The machine hesitated momentarily and then dashed straight down to earth, landing amongst the trees which skirt the banks of Rock Creek.

Immediately automobiles, motorcycles, carriages, bicycles, and pedestrians rushed to the scene of the accident. The unfortunate aviator was tenderly picked up and placed in a high-powered automobile, which had been placed at the disposal of the injured man, by the two occupants of the car. The chauffeur was ordered to drive ahead at full speed apparently to the hospital, but the onlookers little knew that the Lieutenant was again at the mercy of Fuller and Snyder, who now had the unconscious aviator in their power.

Madeline, who became impatient at the long absence of Major Knowles, strolled out of the animal house just in time to witness the falling of the plane, and in her excitement rushed with the rest of the crowd to the scene of the accident, but unfortunately was too late to see the injured man. When the crowd began to disperse, she started to retrace her steps, intent

upon locating the major, but as she crossed the road a large closed automobile bore down upon her. It stopped. Two almond-eyed figures jumped nimbly out of the car, seized Madeline, lifted her bodily into the car, which started up immediately and was on its way before she had an opportunity to cry for help. The car sped along the lower road, heading toward Rock Creek Park, but as it emerged from the Zoo Park the sharp turn was made to the right, leading up to Sixteenth street, via Park road. It was but a few minutes before the limousine arrived at the side entrance of the home of Wu Tsang. But a few moments more and Madeline was in the temple of Buddha.

When Madeline's eyes became accustomed to the strange light in the room she saw before her, seated on a wonderful throne, none other than Wu Tsang. His appearance was entirely different from that of a few short hours ago when he had emerged from the depths of the severed catacombs of America's National Capital. He was clothed in the finest raiment known to his native land. On his face there was depicted all the cruelty and cunning of the oriental character. His eyes glistened, he closed and opened his

(Continued on Page Thirteen.)

These Will Write the Next Chapters of 'Camouflaged'

Tomorrow, Chapter 22, BEN S. ALLEN, Educational Director, United States Food Administration.

Wednesday, Chapter 23, CHARLES C. POSTER, Superintendent Occoquan Workhouse.

Thursday, Chapter 24, CAPTAIN WILLIAM WOLFF SMITH, Chief of Morale Section, Surgeon General's Office. Editor "The Come-Back."

Friday, Chapter 25, JAMES L. WILMETH, Director Bureau of Engraving and Printing.

Saturday, Chapter 26, MAJ. GEN. GEORGE BARNETT, United States Marine Corps.

Sunday, Chapter 27, LIEUT. JOHN FLYNN, U. S. N., Department of Supplies and Accounts.

Monday, Chapter 28, DR. LYMAN F. KEEBLER, Bureau of Chemistry, Department of Agriculture.

Tuesday, Chapter 29, NATALIE SUMNER LINCOLN, Editor-in-chief of D. A. R. Magazine, and Author of "The Trevor Case," "The Lost Dispatch," "The Man Inside," and "Three Strings."



RUDOLPH L. JOSE, Of the Auto Firm of Cook & Stoddard.

The Plot Thickens—The Mystery Deepens

We thought the slender little key in Madeline's purse might be the key to the mystery. Seems not. Mrs. Littlepage cleverly rescued the "heathen Chinese" and put him in a position where we don't know whether he is friend or foe. Some "camouflage" about this.



BEN S. ALLEN, Educational Director U. S. Food Administration.

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Mystery Story

Wish somebody would solve the problem of that chart—the knowledge of how to make lead slugs into ten-dollar gold pieces would come in handy.

What is Wu? Converted or just as devilish as ever?

Keep the first chapter in mind.

Read the important news to the left, and come to Berberich's early tomorrow.